DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 4 p.m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per quarter, $1 each per month, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.00; postpaid or delivered by carrier.

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TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH.

The hope of truth grows stronger day by day.
I hear the wail of man sounds not unheard,
Like a great sea, the Powers Infinite breaking
And dashing on to smash the earth-bound
Twice huge continents in mighty ruin;
And crushing them into the sea of awful ruin.

The waves are mountainous and continuous rare to wonder;
The mariners of a glory past away
Lingers in every heart, as in the dell
Remembrances the happier freedom of the sea,
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free.
For truth and yet more truth shall be manifest
Let lovers strike for truth and liberty.

—James Russell Lowell.

A TALE OF A KEY.

On the wall of an "Old Curiosity Shop," Belgrade street, above Franklin road, hangs a key made of iron a foot in length, and the wards curled up. It fitly represents the old time belief that the best guarantee for security against thieves was a big lock and a key like a sledge hammer, but this rusty iron has a history, and is associated with a record of human passions, hopes and frailties that once guided and controlled the lives of several people.

There was a time when the Delaware front above Callowhill street was beautiful with fine shrubbery, and now in the heat and ever yards worked under the shade of big willows whose long branches trailed in the water. This was especially the case at Grayley's timber yard. The old brick house on the bank of the river was covered with ivy and shadowed by a small grove of elms, made musical in spring by the whistle of the blackbirds and martins. Here lived Martin Bentz with his wife and daughter. He was Mr. Grayley's managing man—kept his books, paid the hands and sold the timber. The office was in a corner room in the house, and in the wall was built the safe. It didn't pretend to be fireproof, but both old Grayley and his clerk believed that all the burglars in the state could not get into it, and every night he locked the door with serious mien and much deliberation, and then handed the key to Martin, who kept it till next morning.

To one of our modern artists it would be a pleasant hour's work to open the old strong box with a keyhole that you could put your three fingers in; but those were primitive days, and old Martin felt safe as long as the key was in his possession. Bentz was a German by birth, but his wife American, tried and true in Fishtown. Although the couple were not always accordant in opinion, on one subject they agreed, and that was about the beauty and excellence of their daughter Mabel, and parental judgments are often fallible, but Bentz's could be no question as to Mabel Bentz's merits. She was not only a good daughter but a very beautiful girl. No rare in America produces more lovely women than the German Americans, and there could be no better illustration of this than Martin Bentz's daughter.

She was not much liked by the neighboring girls, as they were rather a tough lot in those days, much given to promiscuous dances that generally ended in a free fight among their admirers, so Mabel, by avoiding them, got the credit of being proud. She was assistant in a millinery store on Second street, and was never without an escort home, but very few were permitted to come to the house, and the girl herself was circumspect and as yet indifferent to the advances of any of her male acquaintances.

She had two persistent suitors, both young men, one—George Graham—was a boat builder, a fair, manly fellow, and an excellent mechanic, but he was not handsome, and, while a favorite with the old man, Mrs. Bentz had a very pronounced dislike for him.

The other, Peter Daily, was a very showy young man, somewhat a plunder, but he was seldom known to work; and yet he wore good clothes and always seemed to have plenty of money. He was rather good looking, but there was a shifty expression in its hard, gray eyes that was not prepossessing, but he was Mrs. Bentz's favorite.

It was Martin's custom to hang the safe key over the mantelpiece, and it seemed to give him much pleasure to sit and watch it. He was given to moderate potations, and at times was boastful and indiscreet in speech. One Friday night the family were assembled in their one sitting room, and Jack Graham and Daily were present. Martin was telling of a big sale of timber he had made for Mr. Grayley, and how the price, over $2,500, had been paid in that day. Daily's eyes looked more furtive than ever, and Mabel, glancing over her sewing, thought how mean his expression was at times, but the talk became general, and Daily soon left.

Next evening he was again a visitor, bringing with him a friend, a tall, thin, shoddy dressed man. he had also brought Martin a bottle of brandy. This was opened and the old man became quite convivial. Suddenly a tremendous crash was heard outside. The entire party made a rush for the door, all but Daily's thin friend. He, quick as a cat, bounded a chair, and taking down the safe key substituted another, in looks much the same. The others came back in a few moments; it was only a pile of spars that had fallen—no doubt the work of the bad boys that infested the wharfs. Daily and his friend went away and George Graham came in, and was soon deeply engaged in conversation with Mabel. As was the custom, the parents withdrew, and George began to explain to Mabel his imperiling prospects and his desire that she should become his wife. The girl's temperament was placid and rather cold, and while she liked Graham she was not in the least stirred by his passion, so she answered calmly that it would not be right for her to accept without her mother's consent, and here she stopped.

"Oh, say! George, there is some one in the office! I'll call father."

Graham slide to the door, and saw through the office window a faint gleam of light. He did not hesitate, but going around the house pushed open the door of the office. Three men were in front of the open safe. Graham gave a shout and dashed at them. He was active and powerful, but a blow on the head stopped him for a moment, and he saw the robbers escape through the east window. He grasped something that lay on the desk and followed. They were evidently making for a boat at the end of the wharf, but the foremost stumbled and fell, and as he sprang up Graham gave him a blow on the head that laid him out. Old Martin joined him with a lantern.

"Turn the fellow over till we can see his face. As I live, it is Philip Daily, the scoundrel. What have you got in your hand?"

George looked.

"Why, it is rusty the safe key."

Martin was amazed. The genuine was certainly in its accustomed place in the house and yet the safe had been opened. Comparison of the key at once made the plan of the robbery manifest—the key in Graham's hands had been the means of bringing Daily to justice and he went to jail with a very sore head. Graham renewed his suit, but Mrs. Bentz had evidently resolved that he should not marry her daughter, and Mabel had not force of character enough to act independently, so George, bidding them all goodby, left, and next day they heard that he had shipped on a vessel bound for India.

Mabel mourned his absence, and, as is often the case, found that she loved him more than she had imagined, but three years passed away and no word came from her old lover.

Martin Bentz's health began to fail, and his wife thought that it was time for her daughter to marry. Mr. Grayley had a nephew named Sands, who worked around the place, and he had been paying Mabel much attention, and finally spoke to her mother, and after much persuasion and some secret tears the girl accepted him and they were married. Sands was not a bad fellow, but he was utterly feeble in character, and after four years of dull and spiritless married life Mabel found herself a children widow. Her father was dead, and when her mother spoke of her marrying again Mabel said, with unusual firmness: "Mother, your interference broke up my life, and I will not allow it to be disturbed one again. Don't speak to me about those matters, as you only give me pain."

George Graham had prospered as a sailor, and one day he came to Philadelphia, captain of a magnificent clipper ship. He had cargo consigned to a firm on Delaware avenue, and went to their counting house and was very pointly received. Captains were bigger people then than now. Glancing around he saw hanging on the wall a large key. Memory at once recalled the house in the boatyard and his last sweetheart. "You are looking at that key," said one of the partners; "well, that belonged to an uncle of mine named Grayley. It has a history, and when the old house was torn down I kept this as a souvenir."

Graham was silent for a moment and then asked, "Do you know anything of the family that lived in your uncle's house?"

"The Bentzes! Oh, yes, my uncle left old Martin's widow $100 a year as long as she lives. We pay it to her. The widowed daughter, Mrs. Sands, a very pretty and good woman, comes for it, and, by the by, it's due today, and here she comes. Do you know her?"

Graham was strangely excited. He met her at the door and said, "Mabel, do you remember me?"

Poor girl! She stared at him for a moment and then burst into tears. "Oh, yes, George, I remember you well."

The sequel needs no telling. Captain Graham made but one more voyage and then married his early love. Old Mrs. Bentz, fortunately, died soon afterward.

The old key had been a talisman and led to a large clipper office with a tale to telling from whence it came, until a new generation came in, and then it was thrown in the rubbish, and now hangs battered, rusty and forlorn on the wall of a rag shop.—Philadelphia Press.

Haunts of Toadfish.

The toadfish of America usually haunts the crevices of rocks, where it lays its eggs, but there is now on view in the aquarium of the United States fish commission at Washington an ordinary jug, in which one of these curious fish has made its home. The jug was picked up from the bottom of Great Harbor, Wood's Holl, Mass., with a male toadfish inside and a quantity of spawn adhering to the walls. Toadfish have also been found at home in old boots, pieces of drainpipe and hottonies beer bottles. In the aquarium at Washington there are stern battles for the freehold of these tenements, but the fish in possession is generally able to hold its own.—Philadelphia Ledger.

What American Men Cannot Do.

"There is one thing," says a lady just home from abroad, "which can never be learned by an American gentleman. No matter how many years of practice in foreign courts he may get, he can never be graceful while kissing a lady's hand. He feels it necessary to keep his dignity and his upright position, and he is always in a hurry. He seizes her fingers, gallantly dashes them to his lips, and if he happens to be six feet tall and she short he stoops and dives may be compelled to part company."—New York Recorder.

Cloud Photography.

A great deal of remarkable data, which is of immense value in the preparation of weather forecasts, has been compiled from an investigation of cloud photographs. The range of observations extended from cloudy floating low than one and a half miles high in air moving at seven miles an hour, to nine miles above the ground in gales blowing sixty-five miles an hour, while the surface wind was only a gentle breeze of five miles an hour.—New York Telegram.

A Brief and Simple "No."

The American captain was asked why, with his ship in extremity and the waves washing men overboard, he had suddenly hauled down his flag of distress. He said his crew had seen that the British steamer was lowering one of her boats (it seemed them) and had doubted whether a few could live in that sea. "I said then to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they said 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."

OF LANDING NETS.

A Favorite Game Warden Describes His Experience with Them.

Anglers will hear with tempered satisfaction that a new landing net has been invented. The impossibility of doing either with or without a landing net remains the bugaboo of what the Russian sage remarked about wives. With no landing net how are you to secure a fish, either where the banks are steep and grassy or where you have to wade for out from the beach? The first problem occurs in the Tweed and southern streams, the second in brooks across like the Tweed and Eden. In the former case you bring your trout to entanglers, but how are you to lay hands on him? The usual victory is yours. You have baguiled and dominated a sullen and spoiled opponent.

But the line would refuse to credit the triumph unless you have the trout to show. Generally you bring him to the edge of the bank and then try, very gingerly, to lift him by the gut. Then he gives a plunge, the hook leaves its hold and off he goes. The plan of landing him into a ditch and walking half a mile to the head of the ditch, where he may be stranded, is tedious and malignant.

In wading for out from the beach it is laborious and unsafe to wade all the way back, but it is very difficult to grip a trout in midstream. Northern anglers, therefore, use landing nets nearly half as long as the rod, which they carry with them, and a sometimes to the fish, though a stiff and cumbrous in wading.

The southern lies invented many dodges. There are telescope net handles, which should shoot out to the requisite length if everything goes well. There are nets with hinges and springs, which cost, and so forth, at critical moments to open or shut. Then the machine has to be carried suspended by something, and when you most need it it is said you cannot unhitch it. There you stand, the rod in one hand, and fishing for dear life with your landing net. Or the wretched thing gets unhitched when you wanted and falls in the long grass, which you do not discover till you most need its assistance.

A landing net is always in the way when not wanted, and out of the way when most in demand. The new one is suspended from the shoulder by the web band of the creel, but a creel is so great a burden as a landing net, and is usually empty. Hence the plain, simple directions for use: "Catch hold of the handle with your left hand, pulling it up at right angles to you, with the net fold closely between the left arm and body; then, with thumb and forefinger (still using the left hand), undo the catch, pull, turn and push, and it is free." Verily, this does not read like an easy task to a nervous man, flustered by that rare event, the hooking of a large trout. Perhaps the best plan, after all, is the northern one of carrying a simple landing net in the hand, or let us hope a time when we have established our creel popularity, and adopted impediments.—London Saturday Review.

A Child to Be Pitied.

The little children of the rich in this city are to a bad way. A kind of creeping paralysis has come upon them, numbing the first instincts of childish minds. They have drunk too deep of the privileges of the world. They are already blase. They have seen too much. When Barnum's show was here a little boy—one of those unfortunate children of the rich—sat solemnly by the side of his father throughout the entire performance. His boyish heart at first cheered like a boy and looked with wide eyes of interest on every performance that was offered. Finally his eight year-old son raised his eyes wearily to his father and said: "Do you think it's good? Why, I don't see any wonders here at all."

Poor little child! Can you fancy a child out of Wonderland at eight years? Could anything be more dreary? Here were—even if he didn't find them wonderful—at least as wonderful things in the way of animal creation as the Creator has yet been able to think up for this planet, and as wonderful things in the way of animal performance as animals, including the human ones, are yet capable of, and yet this forlorn little child didn't "see any wonders at all."—New York Evening Sun.

A Graceful Carriage.

"A girl who sits ungracefully is a entity," said an artist. "The sex poses in a chair are instinctively and unconsciously sightly. Then why will not girls practice a good carriage. They spend hours of prayer and effort over their hands and their makeup, yet everybody knows a fine figure is the most important requisite of all. Any line can be rendered attractive by expression. Any face for which no care becomes beautiful to us. But even love can only soften dislike to regret over a round shouldered, hollow chested form. Good carriage induces a good figure. It at least throws such lines as you have into an adjustment of harmony. It will make your dresses fit better, last longer and look finer while they last.

"A head well carried comes soon to be 'well poised.' Shoulders well squared look fit up your bodice and improve your silhouette as well as your profile. Hips well balanced make your gowns drape gracefully in spite of your dressmaker. Feet that come down to the ground pertly come near to being pretty feet. Even an ugly hand escapes criticism if well used. A short neck is forgotten if one's head moves well. If women would spend their time bathing nothing and exercising they would have something to show for it. Instead, they sit around in 'nooks,' or make themselves hideous over sight. They use washes, prescriptions and oils, and they don't half wash. Go, you that is true. Many women, especially those addicted to grease, do not half wash. Absolute cleanliness—sweet, wholesome, dainty cleanliness—is the best and only safe cosmetic in the world."—New York Sun.

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We call special attention to a further reduction of our Figured Silk Plushes, from 75c. to 49c.; from 75c. to 50c.; from 85c. to 75c.; from $1.15 to 85c.; as they must be closed out this month. Silk Remnants at Half Price.

LOOK :-. AT :-: THESE :-: BARGAINS!!!

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We do not intend to carry over a single one if reduction will dispose of them.

A lot of Black Silk Brocaded Parasols further reduced from $4.75 to $2.50.

Fancy Brocades from $3.50 to $2.25.

Black Gros Unbrellas from $2.00 to $1.25, from $2.50 to $1.50, from $3.00 to $1.75, from $3.50 to $2.00, etc.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

1000 strips of 11 yards of beautiful Embroidery edges, yard wide, reduced from 15c. to 10c., from 25c. to 15c., from 35c. to 20c., from 50c. to 25c., from 75c. to 35c., from 60c. to 25c., etc.

Magnificent Swiss Flouncings for children and misses in 22-in. and 27-in., reduced from 90c. to 65c., from $1.00 to 75c., from $1.10 to 80c., from $1.25 to 85c.

Allover Hamburg Embroideries, reduced from 40c. to 20c., from 50c. to 25c., from 75c. to 35c., etc.

Hundreds of Japanese, Vienna and Paris Fans at cut prices, which will close out every one in stock, from 8c. to 5c., from 15c. to 10c., from 25c. to 15c., from 50c. to 25c., from 75c. to 45c., from $1.00 to 65c., from $1.50 to 75c., from $2.00 to $1.00, from $2.50 to $1.25, from $3.00 to $1.50, from $3.50 to $1.75, from $4.00 to $2.00, from $5.00 to $2.50.

CARPET REMNANTS.

Tapestry, velvet, Ingrain Brussels and Moquette in lengths from 1 to 25 yards, at Half Discount Prices!

50 Smyrna Mats reduced from 75c. to 40c.

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Rugs in new designs, reduced from $4.00 to $2.25, from $5.00 to $3.50, from $5.50 to $3.25, from $6.00 to $4.00.

Door Mat of genuine Cocoa Choice, 24x36 in. size, worth $1.50.

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